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One Halfpenny.

WONDERFUL WELSH SEER.



Mrs. Mary Jones, of Islaw'rffordd Farm, near Dyffryn, in North Wales, and her daughter. She is said to be accompanied by a miraculous star when she goes about her revival work in the neighbourhood. Sometimes this star appears in the heavens to guide her on her way; at other times a soft radiance illuminates her path. These phenomena have been vouched for by many disinterested witnesses.



The farm, Islaw'rffordd, where Mrs. Mary Jones lives. It is about two miles from Dyffryn Station, midway between Barmouth and Harlech, on the Cambrian Railway. She has lived in the district for thirty-eight years, and only lately has been visited by the mysterious lights that now frequently accompany her. (See page 6.)

FEVER-STRICKEN LINCOLN.



The epidemic of typhoid has attained fearful proportions in Lincoln. One person in every . . . of the population has been stricken down by the deadly fever. Our photograph shows a patient being removed to the great hospital which has been contrived at the drill-hall. The ambulances are kept constantly at work, for new cases of fever are reported every hour.—(Copyright Daily Mirror.)

THE RUSSIAN GIANT GOES MOTORING.



Machnow, the Russian giant, who is now appearing at the Hippodrome, motored down to Brighton yesterday. He is nearly ten feet high, and weighs thirty-two stone, so, a twenty-four horse-power Napier car was provided for him. His wife accompanied him on a ten horse-power De Dion, as may be seen in our photograph.—(Copyright Daily Mirror.)

THE LONDON AND PROVINCIAL
FURNISHING COMPANY,
248-249-250, Tottenham Court Road, W
(Oxford Street End.)

MILLION FOUND BY CHANCE.

Romantic Discovery of a
Century-Old Will.

HIDDEN IN A PICTURE.

Poor Labourers and Fishermen
Named as Heirs.

SMUGGLER'S FORTUNE.

A romantic discovery which may place vast wealth at the disposal of an indigent Kentish family was made yesterday at Margate.

Behind an old picture in a Margate cottage has been found a will, more than a century old, by which a million pounds or upwards is bequeathed to some extremely poor people named Gisbey.

In a house in Byron-road, Margate, lives a Mrs. Horn. About twelve months ago she bought a picture for ninepence at a public auction. It was a copy of Landseer's "Shoeing the Old Bay Mare."

FOUND WHILE DUSTING.

Mrs. Horn was engaged in dusting this dingy, time-honoured print, and in doing so moved it from the wall. Down fell a piece of parchment, yellow and dusty with age.

It was just the kind of parchment that the novelist delights to introduce, but Mrs. Horn saw no significance in it. She simply gave it to the children to play with.

Before the parchment had been very badly damaged, however, Mrs. Horn took it from the children, and, seeing the name Gisbey, she thought of speaking to some of the neighbours who bear that name. This woman is caretaker of the Arcade Seamen's Rooms.

"This," said she, "is the will of my great-grandfather, Jacob Gisbey, who died at Swadling, in the Isle of Thanet."

A NAPOLEON OF SMUGGLING.

Jacob Gisbey, it seems, was a notorious smuggler, one of that hardy and enterprising race who abounded on every part of the English coast in the days of high duties, and often made colossal fortunes at the expense of the King's revenue.

Gisbey is one of the most famous names in the history of the Kentish smugglers. He carried on operations on a Napoleonic scale. A fleet of ketches and luggers brought him over brandies and silks from France, gin from Holland, and lace from Brussels and Mechlin. A small army obeyed his orders on land, and took advantage of every dark night to defeat the vigilance of the Revenue officers in order to run the precious cargoes ashore.

PROPERTY WORTH A MILLION.

Like many an old buccaner, Gisbey ended his life in peace and respectability. His will is signed "Jacob Gisbey, a Yeoman," as if he had been the most law-abiding man imaginable, and it bears in quite legal form the name of "Nathaniel Austen, executor," and "John Hannan, clerk."

The date is May 25, 1795, and the property enumerated is stated to be of the value of a million pounds.

The money is bequeathed to the males of the Gisbey family. Who will benefit by this ancient testament? The answer is, some twenty-five, now living in the Isle of Thanet. They are all respectable fishermen and labourers—some living at Sandwich and others at Margate. The oldest surviving grandson of the old smuggler is James Gisbey, who earns a slender and precarious livelihood as a shiprigger, and lives at Upper Strand-street, Sandwich.

The property left under this will is situated in Thanet, and it has been advertised in Chancery lists on a good many occasions. The last was two years ago, but the present-day Gisbeys were too poor to make any move towards proving their rights.

£116,000 FOR CHARITY.

Fortune of a Shabbily-dressed Man Who Was
Believed To Be Poor.

The splendid sum of £116,000 accrues to the Leeds Infirmary by the death of Mrs. Mary Ann Whitfield, sister of the late Mr. Christopher Weatherill.

Mr. Weatherill, a retired provision merchant, who died in 1902, leaving the substantial fortune of £132,236, directed in his will that the bulk of his estate should revert to the infirmary on his sister's death.

The "Weatherill Accident Fund" will now be founded and endowed at the infirmary, and a marble monument will record the gift of the testator.

Mr. Weatherill was a self-made man, who always lived in humble lodgings and made no display whatever.

TO DEFEAT THE GOVERNMENT.

Opposition Expect To Win on a
Labour Amendment.

DEEP-LAID PLAN.

A considerable amount of speculation has been made during the last few days as to the grounds on which Mr. Herbert Gladstone, as chief Liberal Whip, should have committed himself so positively as he has done in reference to the date of the general election.

It will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone in his official capacity issued a circular to Liberal agents throughout the country announcing in so many words that a dissolution would take place within a month. Politicians are curious to know on what subject the Opposition anticipate that they will be able to place the Government in a minority.

There is the best reason to believe that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues attach the greatest possible importance to an amendment that is to be moved to the Address, backed by the full authority of the official Opposition as well as the Labour members in the House, which shall challenge the whole attitude of the Government in reference to labour legislation, and which it has been decided shall be placed in the capable hands of Sir Robert Reid, the Attorney-General to the late Liberal Government and the prospective Lord Chancellor in the next Liberal Administration.

The confident belief of the Liberal wirepullers is that the amendment in question was to be so skillfully drawn as to detach a sufficient number of the Ministerial supporters to place Mr. Balfour in a minority.

Sir Robert Reid and several leading Liberals are holding a conference to-morrow with the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress when the exact form of the amendment to be submitted will be finally decided upon.

PROPOSED IN PRISON.

Irrepressible "Bluebeard" Asks a Police
Matron to Marry Him.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

CHICAGO, Sunday.—Even in prison the mania Johann Hoch, the Chicago "Bluebeard," has for proposing is not discouraged.

Police-inspector Sheppy states that Hoch asked Miss Ahlbeck, the prettiest of the Chicago police matrons, to marry him after only five minutes' chat with her yesterday.

He met with a scornful rebuff, the matron calling him a "nasty thing." Hoch told her that he expected to escape from his present difficulty and to get rich by exhibiting himself.

At the inquest, Reuter states, on the death of Mrs. Fischer Hoch, her sister, Mrs. Walker Hoch, described minutely the last hours of the deceased, Hoch's courtship of herself before the body was fairly cold, and their marriage a few days later.

RUSSIA'S SECRET WITNESSES.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Sunday.—The Commission of Inquiry into the North Sea incident resumes its sitting to-morrow.

The Russians declare that if the decision of the Commissioners is adverse to them they will re-open the case by producing important witnesses and ask that their evidence be taken in camera.

Their testimony will be of a political character, and will impute neglect by the British Government.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

Several earthquake shocks were felt at Florence, Italy, yesterday.

Mrs. Gilbert, the veteran American actress, left only £2,000 to her nephew, Thomas Hartley.

General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," is feared to be dying at his home in Crawfordsville, Indiana.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan, says the "New York Herald," is to go for a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean.

Two men, named Russell and Hay, have lost their lives through their boat collapsing on the Clyde, near Carruthers.

Rockefeller interests now have the principal control of American railroads, the capital stock of which amounts to \$566,276,856.

At the age of 107 years, Mr. Andrew Crowley, retired merchant, died at New York on Saturday from a cold contracted whilst clearing snow.

The body of Mr. S. E. Davis, a St. Leonard's tradesman, with £30 to £40 in gold upon it, was yesterday found at Crowhurst. Mr. Davis had been missing for over a fortnight.

GERMAN HELP FOR RUSSIA.

Prussian Troops Cross the Frontier
Into Poland.

HAMBURG, Sunday.—Owing to the disturbances in Sosnowice, in Poland, the German frontier guard is continually being strengthened, and the Russian authorities have even allowed small detachments of German guards to cross the border and patrol Russian territory.

The railway bridge outside Sosnowice is being guarded by German troops.

During the last collision between the military and the workmen near Katharinenhuetten, near Sosnowice, in Russian Poland, seventy-five persons were killed and several hundred wounded.

M. WITTE.

Our correspondent at St. Petersburg telegraphs that in spite of the usual semi-official denials, he has the best authority for saying M. Witte's house was actually searched for papers.

ARMED REVOLT FEARED.

PARIS, Sunday.—A telegram of yesterday's date from St. Petersburg to the "Petit Journal" says:—"It is announced in official circles that the strikers have received arms. A notice issued by the Prefect warns the inhabitants not to go out to-morrow."

"It is feared that the labour movement is extending to the 'intellectuals,' who are preparing a political movement."

RED SUNDAY INQUIRY ORDERED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—It is reported that an inquiry into the occurrences of January 22 has been entrusted to Count Pahlen, member of the Council of the Empire.—Reuter.

10,000 TROOPS AT LODZ.

LODZ, Saturday.—Some 10,000 troops are now stationed here. In the course of an interview the Governor of the town said: "The manufacturers have made every concession possible. Some of them wanted to continue to pay the strikers, but I have forbidden this." He added that he hoped order would be maintained, but the situation was most uncertain and difficult.

Business in the town is at a complete standstill.—Reuter.

BALTIC FLEET HELD UP.

German Colliers Refuse to Accompany Rojstevsky Any Further.

To-morrow the third division of the Baltic Fleet will sail from Libau.

Admiral Rojstevsky is still at Nossi Be, and has received no instructions from St. Petersburg.

A Reuter message from St. Louis states that the German colliers will not accompany him any further on his eastward voyage, on account of their apprehensions of an encounter with the Japanese fleet.

The news of the fall of Port Arthur has profoundly demoralised the crews on his vessels, and it is not expected that they will leave Nossi Be before the end of this month.

JAPAN'S TERMS OF PEACE.

Reuter's representative has had an interview with Viscount Hayashi regarding the renewed peace rumours. His Excellency said:—

"There is every probability of a continuance of the war. It is obvious from the largely increased Japanese force on the Sha-ho that peace is not imminent so far as Japan is concerned."

"Japan will tolerate no patched-up peace. 'The terms must be such as to assure permanent peace and friendly relations between Japan and Russia.'"

EX-CROWN PRINCESS AND HER CHILD.

The fight for the Princess Monica, the youngest child of Countess Montignoso, the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, still continues, and Dr. Koerner, the King of Saxony's emissary, had, Reuter states, an interview at Florence yesterday with one of the Countess's legal representatives.

The Countess remains determined to resist every attempt to take her child back to Germany.

JOAN OF ARC CAUSES STRIFE.

PARIS, Sunday.—At the breaking up of a meeting in which Professor Thalamas, who disputes the divine inspiration of Joan of Arc, was present, a scuffle took place, in which fifteen persons were slightly injured. Three arrests were made.—Reuter.

BALLOON BEATS TRAIN TO PARIS.

Flying Across the Channel During
the Night.

65 MILES AN HOUR.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Sunday.—M. Jacques Faure and his cousin, M. Hubert Latham, who made a balloon ascent at the Crystal Palace on Saturday night to fly to France, descended at St. Denis at one o'clock this morning.

One would never have believed, to see M. Faure riding on horseback in the Bois de Boulogne this afternoon, that he had passed the night suspended in a balloon over the English Channel.

"It was a most enjoyable experience," he laughingly remarked to me. "We made the trip in an ordinary balloon belonging to the Aero Club de France."

"It was exactly a quarter-past seven when we left the Crystal Palace, and the wind was blowing south-east."

"The balloon quickly rose to a height of 1,500ft., and we stayed at that altitude until we came to the sea, near Hastings, at ten minutes past eight."

"At this time we were travelling rapidly with a strong wind behind us."

"IT MUST BE PARIS."

"When we were well over the sea we let the balloon drop from 2,500 feet until we could touch the water with the trailing rope."

"We then swung across the Channel, the stars above and the sea below, at sixty-five miles an hour."

"How long we took to cross we cannot tell, but about ten o'clock at night we sighted a lighthouse, and immediately sent the balloon up to 2,000 feet."

"Then all of a sudden we saw an immense light. 'It is not daylight yet,' I said to my companion. 'It must be Paris then,' he replied. He was right."

"A few minutes later we were on the outskirts of the city. In order not to descend on the roof of the houses we came down at St. Denis, shortly after one this morning."

"We had taken six hours to come from London to Paris, thus beating the record of the fastest Channel service."

KNOWS NO FEAR.

M. Faure, who is recognised in France as the man who knows no fear, has had considerable difficulty with the preliminaries of the trip. He had hoped to test a new apparatus by which the balloon could be raised or lowered without the aid of ballast.

This consisted of a powerful Charon Girardot motor with two screws, weighing 120lb., one on each side of the basket. The French Customs officials at Calais, however, viewed the apparatus with suspicion, and refused to allow M. Faure to take it out of France. "You will never bring it back," they said.

It was originally intended to start from Dover, but a sufficient supply of gas could not be obtained there, and the Crystal Palace was chosen.

Night was chosen because, explained M. Faure, after the sun has set the balloon can be filled to its utmost capacity, and does not contract when encountering cold currents.

M. Faure has made many notable ascents. This is his 125th. In 1900 he succeeded in crossing the Channel in eight hours.

He has journeyed from France to Germany seventeen times, twelve times from France to Belgium, and once from France to Russia, which is the longest trip he has made.

MIXED WEATHER.

Sunshine in the South and a Severe Snow-
storm in the North.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Westerly breezes; frosty and fair early; milder and cloudy, with local showers later.
Lighting-up time, 6.7 p.m.
Sea passages will be smooth to moderate.

During the week-end the weather has provided some serious contrasts.

In London the highest recorded temperature yesterday during the day was 38, and the lowest 34, and the lowest during Saturday night 32.5 deg. The air was crisp, the sun shone brightly, and people were out in hundreds enjoying themselves in the parks.

Primroses are in full bloom on the roadside near Witham, in Essex.

On the other hand, Orkney was visited by a severe snowstorm, the drifts in some places being so deep that many farm buildings are completely buried. Telegraphic communication, too, has altogether broken down.

There was a heavy snowfall in South Durham and North Yorkshire yesterday.

LADY PREACHER'S WEIRD HALO.

Shimmering Radiance That Shines
Round Mrs. Jones's Head.

LIKE A FIREWORK.

The mysterious light which hovers over Mrs. Mary Jones, a revival worker in North Wales, has been seen by the *Daily Mirror* special correspondent.

The light, which sometimes resembles a star, at others appearing as a wave of light, on this occasion took a form which even Mrs. Jones had not before witnessed.

"Bearing," our correspondent telegraphs, "that on Saturday night she was to preach at Borth, a village on the River Mersey, ten miles from her home, I made arrangements to drive back behind her carriage."

"The meeting, which was marked by many of the signs of religious exaltation which characterise the meetings of Evan Roberts, ended at 10.30, and I then told Mrs. Jones how anxious I was to see the light for myself, and she said she would pray that it might appear to me."

"Both drivers consented to drive without lamps. In the first carriage were Mrs. Jones and three ladies; in my own the *Daily Mirror* photographer, a keen-witted, hard-headed Londoner."

"The weirdness of that drive in semi-darkness at break-neck speed by river and mountain, round deadly corners, and down precipitous hills, I shall never forget. For three miles we drove in silence, and I had given up hope."

Amazing Flood of Light.

"It was close on midnight, and we were nearing Borth, when suddenly, without the faintest warning, a soft, shimmering radiance flooded the road at our feet. Immediately it spread around us, and every stick and stone within twenty yards was visible, as if under the influence of the softest moonlight. It seemed as though some large body between earth and sky had suddenly opened and emitted a flood of light from within itself."

"It was a little suggestive of the bursting of a firework bomb, and yet wonderfully different. Quickly as I looked up, the light was even then fading from the road overhead. I seemed to see an oval mass of grey half open, disclosing within a kernel of white light. As I looked it closed, and everything was once again in darkness."

"Everyone present saw this extraordinary light, but while it appeared to me of snowy whiteness, the rest declared it was a brilliant blue."

"Mrs. Jones confessed herself startled, saying she had never before seen it quite in that form. She considered it a direct answer to prayer."

"Is there any possible explanation? Was it a flash of summer lightning? No lightning I ever saw took that form, and the idea was laughed to scorn by others."

Photographs of Mrs. Jones and the farm at which she lives appear on page 1.

Mr. J. Evans-Thomas, solicitor, Machynlleth, writes to deny the statement in the *Daily Mirror* that he attended one of the meetings of Mrs. Jones.

CHURCH AND REVIVAL.

Two Dignitaries Speak Sympathetically on
the Religious Awakening.

Archdeacon Wilberforce, in Westminster Abbey, yesterday referred to some of the criticisms passed on the revival services in Wales and the Albert Hall.

It was true that the Almighty was portrayed in some ways which were gross caricatures of the Holy One.

Even if the way in which the Almighty was portrayed in the Albert Hall amounted to a libel, yet, if hearts were touched, that was the chief concern.

"There is need that the great revival movement in Wales should have its counterpart in the Church of England," said the Dean of Westminster at St. Anne's, Ealing.

Dr. Torrey, of the Torrey-Alexander mission, has received a substantial cheque from a provincial merchant in gratitude for the conversion of the latter's son.

DR. TORREY DAY BY DAY.

The Torrey-Alexander mission held a meeting "for men only" in Exeter Hall yesterday afternoon, and after his address Dr. Torrey proceeded to the Christian Police Institute, in the Adelphi, where he spoke to the men.

In gratitude for "the conversion of a prodigal son," Dr. Torrey has received a cheque for a substantial sum from a provincial merchant. The money has been sent to the Chicago Institute, which pays Dr. Torrey's salary.

TITLED ACTRESS.

Lady Haldon to Appear as a Music-
hall Star.

Lady Haldon, wife of Lord Haldon, the third baron, is announced as the latest recruit to the music-hall stage.

Her ladyship will shortly present to the public "The Sporting Duchess," which is described as "a comic interlude," and which has been written by Mr. Arthur Branscombe, well known as the author of "Morocco Bound."

Rehearsals of the piece have already been held on the stage of the Tivoli, by permission of the management, but "The Sporting Duchess" will make her first bow to the provinces and the suburbs. She has acted with, and is admired by, Miss Sarah Bernhardt, and as Rose Bouchon in "A Life of Pleasure" she was engaged at Drury Lane under Sir Augustus Harris.

When she married Lord Haldon it was agreed that she should retire from the stage, but her ladyship has succeeded in overcoming all objections to her return to the profession to which she is devoted.

Her husband, who served with the Imperial Yeomanry during the South African war, is descended from the Palks, of Devonshire, who were at one time the richest landowners in the cider county.

The piece would have been produced several months ago but for a Mid-Wales railway accident in which Lady Haldon was injured.

THE LATE MRS. C. T. RITCHIE.



Wife of the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose death from heart failure has just occurred. (Elliott and Fry.)

ENGLISH SHEIKH.

Liverpool Moslem on His Way To Pay His
Respects to the Sultan.

Along Fleet-street walked two striking figures in Mohammedan attire on Saturday.

They were recognised as Sheikh Abdullah Quilliam, head of the Muslims of the British Isles and the British Colonies, and his son, Ahmed Quilliam.

The Sheikh, who is a Liverpool lawyer, told the *Daily Mirror* they were on their way in obedience to a telegram in cypher from the Sultan, which said "To Constantinople you and Ahmed Bey come immediately."

They hope to reach the Imperial Palace on Wednesday morning. The Sheikh is constantly consulted by the Sultan on State and legal matters.

Many Turkish honours have been showered on him, including a medal inscribed: "This man has done his very best for his God, Caliph, and for Turkey."

The Sultan, he says, is a cultured linguist, and his hobbies are cabinet-making and lock-making.

RUSH TO LEND MILLIONS.

Remarkable scenes were witnessed in Lombard-street on Saturday, when the subscription list for the new Chinese Government Five per Cent. Gold Loan for a million sterling was opened.

By ten o'clock there had assembled round the offices of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation such a crowd of applicants that the police had a hard task to control it.

In an hour's time it was necessary to shut the doors of the bank, and even then the loan had been several times over-subscribed.

Shenley Hall, the residence of Mr. Hoare, and one of the most picturesque mansions in Hertfordshire, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night, the damage being estimated at £20,000.

FLAMES IN A THEATRE

Actors and Actresses Obligated to Leap
from the Windows.

GIRLS IN A PANIC.

NEW YORK, Saturday. — A fire broke out to-day in the Casino Theatre. There was no audience in the house at the time, but a rehearsal of "Lady Teazle" was in progress, and several members of the company were obliged to escape by jumping from the windows into the street.

It was especially fortunate that there was no audience, as the auditorium is one storey above the street, and is reached by a winding staircase; thus escape would have been difficult.

The fire originated in a dressing-room on the third floor above the stage, burned through the balcony, enveloped the stage, and broke through the roof. It was discovered as forty chorus girls were crowding up the narrow stairs leading to the dressing-rooms to change for the next scene of the rehearsal. A great volume of smoke met them, and the girls turned, shrieking, and ran back towards the stage and the exits in a panic, which the stage-manager made ineffectual efforts to calm.

With the exception of Miss Lilian Russell, the head of the company, who was not in the theatre at the time of the outbreak, all the members of the company were upon the stage or in the dressing-room. So far as is known everyone escaped. A stage carpenter was overcome by the smoke, and a chorus-girl had her leg broken. The fire spread from the scenery to the auditorium. In twenty minutes the whole interior of the theatre was in a blaze. — Reuter.

LINCOLN'S TYPHOID SCOURGE.

London Doctor Says the Water Is the Worst
• He Has Ever Seen.

Twenty-five new cases of typhoid were notified at Lincoln on Saturday, bringing the total up to 572. There have been twenty-five deaths.

Indignation against the dilatory methods of the corporation is general, and this is emphasised by the fact that twenty, ten, and three years variously are the periods in which the chief medical officer unavailingly warned the corporation of the dangers of the water supply.

One of the London doctors warned a gentleman not to touch the water if he valued his life. It was perfectly awful, the worst water he had ever seen.

The Mayor of Lincoln writes correcting the statement that one person in every ten of the population is stricken down. He says the population of the city is approximately 50,000, and the total number of cases notified 572.

COLONEL KILLED BY SEPOY.

Second Officer Murdered on Indian Frontier
in Five Months.

Colonel Harman was last night fatally bayoneted by a Mahsud sepo, at Wana, on the Indian North-West Frontier.

The man forced his way into the officers' mess, and at once killed the officer. Captain Plant ran to the latter's assistance and disarmed the culprit.

The Mahsuds are one of the Pathan tribes, and this is the second time they have murdered an English officer within the past five months.

Colonel Harman, who won his D.S.O. fourteen years ago, had seen a great deal of frontier service.

GHOST RINGS A BELL.

Police Puzzled by a Spectre-haunted House at
Blackheath.

On Saturday night some malicious spirit disturbed the occupants of a little house in Blackheath by ringing the doorbell at intervals throughout the night.

The house is near the spot where the notorious Mr. Charles Peace was surprised in hiding by the police and arrested, and so uncanny were the happenings of Saturday night as to give rise to the theory that the mischievous spirit of Mr. Peace had returned to the neighbourhood.

The assistance of the police was invoked. Even while constables stood and watched bell-pull and wires the ghost played derisive peals on the bell.

Reluctantly the constables admitted the mystery was beyond them, and departed, leaving one of their number to stand guard over the house. But the bell rang at intervals until cock-crow, when it was heard no more.

MR. BAILEY AT THE MOTOR SHOW

Mr. Bailey, accompanied by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Salisbury, drove in a motor-car to the Motor Exhibition at Olympia on Saturday.

The Premier was taken round the show by Mr. S. F. Edge, and was not generally recognised in the crowd.

THE KING'S CAR BREAKS DOWN.

His Majesty Directs the Chauffeur with
the Knowledge of an Expert.

The King had two motoring misadventures yesterday whilst passing through Richmond Park, accompanied only by his chauffeur.

Near the junction of the roads leading to East Sheen and Robin Hood Gates the car came to a sudden stop after a slight explosion.

His Majesty promptly alighted, and his well-known figure, in a morning-coat and grey fur, was speedily recognised.

About 200 or 300 spectators soon appeared on the scene, as the King walked up and down issuing instructions to his chauffeur that showed his intimate knowledge with the mechanism of the car.

Another start was made, but in 200 or 300 yards another explosion occurred, and the car came to a standstill.

Again the car was repaired; the journey was continued, and the King arrived considerably late at Buckingham Palace.

ROYAL LORD WARDEN.

Prince of Wales Succeeds Lord Curzon, and
Will Open Walmer Castle to the Public.

The Prince of Wales has been appointed to the ancient office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

He succeeds Lord Curzon, who held the position during his brief holiday in England last year, and he must have regretted that he held it, for Lady Curzon's terrible illness was supposed to have been accelerated by the bad linings under the castle.

The office, though honorary, is distinguished. The great Duke of Wellington was warden at the time of his sudden death, at Walmer Castle in 1862; the late Marquis of Salisbury also held the post.

The Press Association is authorised to state that Walmer Castle will no longer be used as a residence. The rooms of historic interest, as well as the ramparts and the gardens, will be thrown open to the public on and after May 1 next.

VAST BURDEN OF DEBT.

Over £20,000,000 a Year Spent on Paying for
Local Loans.

According to the local taxation returns issued on Saturday, the total receipts of local authorities in England and Wales during 1902-3 were £129,206,781, the expenses being £128,908,743.

Of the expenditure, £28,287,294, or 15.7 per cent., was devoted to the repayment of borrowed moneys and the payment of interest on such moneys.

The outstanding loans of the local authorities amounted at the end of the year 1902-3 to £370,807,483.

The rateable value of England and Wales at the commencement of the year 1902-3 was, for purposes of poor rates and other rates levied in the same manner as poor rates, £191,106,328, including £29,885,995, the rateable value of agricultural land.

MERCURY vs. NEPTUNE.

New Method of Extracting Gold from "the
Silver Sea."

Neptune is to be asked to surrender up the particles of gold in the sea by means of mercury.

The scheme is that of the Atomised Gold Recovery Syndicate, who, with a suggested capital of £25,000, base their faith in the invention—patented by Messrs. H. C. and U. Clatman—on the affinity of gold for mercury.

It is said that during experiments, made at Haybury Island, 12.56 grains of gold were extracted from sixty-one tons of water, and plant capable of dealing with 300 tons per hour would cost £1,200.

DONKEY IN A BALL-ROOM.

A donkey provided an exciting interlude at the fancy-dress ball of the Shuttleworth Club at the Holborn Restaurant on Saturday.

It appeared in the ballroom during the march past, brayed somewhat aggressively, and kicked and slid about the shining floor in a most alarming fashion.

The donkey had been brought for realistic purposes, it is said, by a young lady who appeared as Veronique, but its debut as a dancer was scarcely a success, and it was speedily escorted from the room.

RIVIERA RICH AND ENGLISH POOR.

The Rev. W. Carllie (founder of the Church Army) and Mrs. Carllie leave Victoria this morning for the Riviera.

The expenses of the tour are borne by a North of England sympathiser, and the object is to come in touch with rich people for the benefit of the army's funds.

STARVED AGITATOR.

Falls Fainting at the Unemployed Demonstration.

SEDITIONOUS SPEECHES.

Some 3,000 men of the London unemployed assembled in Trafalgar-square on Saturday at the bidding of the Social Democratic Federation to appoint a deputation which should attend at the House of Commons and demand that grants be made to assist the local authorities in dealing with the problem of finding work.

Though fiery, even seditious, speeches were made, and vehement telegrams of congratulation read from provincial centres, where simultaneous demonstrations were taking place, yet at the close of the meeting a note of truth and tragedy was struck.

One of the agitators, who had taken a large part in the preliminary organisation, fell down in the square exhausted by starvation, and was taken to the Charing Cross Hospital.

In spite of the fiery speeches the proceedings passed without greater disorder than the fearful noise of drums, as the banners and contingents from various parts marched into position, and the screech of rival tin whistles playing the "Marseillaise" with a greater care for freedom than harmony. But there were cheers when the speakers were more than usually outspoken and vehemently iconoclastic.

Mr. Balfour and Family Life.

"One of the tricks played on us," proclaimed Mr. J. E. Williams, the chairman, opening the proceedings from the gesticulatory vantage ground of the plinth of the Nelson column, "is that we cannot be received at the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour's whole time is occupied with golf and literature, and he has never had the pluck to get married, therefore he does not know what family life means."

He went on to guarantee that before two months were over there should be such scenes in London as would compel the House of Commons to receive them.

They were determined that something desperate should be done before they went down into their graves.

As to Mr. Carlile and wood-chopping at half trade union rates of pay, it did more harm than good. Every penny the King and Queen gave to Mr. Carlile went to diminish the wages that the workers ought to earn.

Mr. W. J. Salmon declared that the deputation would demand ten to fifteen millions sterling for the unemployed.

This was when he moved the resolution to appoint a deputation, and Mr. Mercer, the delegate from Edmonton, who seconded, took the opportunity of denouncing the police as "English Cossacks."

The police made a careful note of the phrase, and with cheers the resolution was carried, and Messrs. H. Quelch, R. Smith, R. Smillie, J. Macdonald, W. C. Steadman, A. Hayday, H. Foster, W. J. Salmon, A. A. Watts, and C. Ince passed into the unconstitutional history of modern democracy as the elected members of the Parliamentary deputation of the Social Democratic Federation.

MILKMAN AS ART PATRON.

Humble Londoner Who has Amassed £1,000 Worth of Prints.

A remarkable collection of prints is owned by a Welshman, who earns a modest living by selling milk from a barrow in the West End.

For years this humble vendor has devoted his little spare capital to the shrewd purchase of coloured engravings, of which he has one of the finest private collections in London.

His treasures are said to be worth over £1,000, and include one specimen of Morland's "Girl and the Pigs," signed by the artist, and works by Joshua Reynolds, Bartolozzi, Buck, and Baxter.

His wife constantly reproved him for spending his money on pictures.

"Now she realises their value she exclaims, 'Why did he waste all his time in selling ha'porths of milk?'"

Max O'Rell on Luck.

"Luck is of our own making." Luck comes to those who help themselves. Luck comes to our numerous Customers because, by Caution and good Judgment, they have bought, and can buy, goods at less than half cost. If you want to succeed and to save money write to us or come and see us—that is, if you require Furniture, say, a Drawing-room or Bedroom Suite, Carpet, or anything useful in a picture. We'll send you free by post Art Booklet No. 91, entitled "Home Comforts." When you have read it you will find luck will come to you, and it has been of your own making and because you have helped yourself.

WITTAM
FURNISHING CO.,
231, OLD STREET,
CITY ROAD, E.C.

Hours, 9 till 9. Saturdays, 9 till 5.

FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Miners Imprisoned in a Pit by an Inrush of Water.

A party of miners at the Brandon Colliery, West Bromwich, were surrounded by a sudden inrush of water on Friday night. One man lost his life, another is still in the mine, and fourteen others had narrow escapes.

When the sound of the rushing waters was heard some of the men dashed to the cage and were hauled up, but others were caught in the flood, and carried by the fierce swirl of water to the pit bottom.

One man was up to his neck in the foul mud, and Cornelius Bowater had his leg and thigh broken, his injuries proving fatal.

Joseph Cornwall is still in the pit, but it is hoped he has saved his life by crawling into a "heading."

Rescue parties are searching for Cornwall, in imminent peril from another flood.

WET SUNDAYS ONLY.

Irish Lover Who Did Not Waste a Fine Day in His Wooing.

A wooer who, it is stated, only turned up on wet Sundays—is being sued in Dublin for £1,000 damages for breach of promise. He put in a defence that the contract of marriage stipulated a "dot" of £200.

The following conversation had passed between Lawrence Maguire, an Athlone merchant, and Mrs. Gorry, of Westmeath, on November 9—the date fixed for the former's wedding with Miss Gorry—
"You promised a dowry of £200; you now reduce it to £100. I won't marry your daughter unless the other £100 is paid—now."

"But I haven't got it."
"Then the wedding is off."

The hearing was adjourned until to-day.

TYPHOID AT LINCOLN.



The Drill Hall in Lincoln, which has been converted into an emergency hospital for the reception of fever patients.

PLEA FOR ORGAN-GRINDERS.

Mr. Plowden Defends Their Cause Against a Sleepless Victim.

Because he wished to go to sleep a greengrocer, of King-street, Portman-square, endeavoured to persuade an organ-grinder to cease playing in front of his house.

In the Marylebone Police Court on Saturday, where the greengrocer's summons was heard, Mr. Plowden said that an organ-grinder could not be required to move unless the householder or person complaining gives a reasonable cause for asking.

Merely wanting to sleep was hardly a reasonable cause, and an organ-grinding performance of twenty minutes did not interfere with a night's rest. So the prisoner was discharged.

GREYBEARD KILLS GREYBEARD.

A remarkable attack was made by a male patient in Islington Workhouse Infirmary upon George Winks, another patient, aged seventy-six, yesterday.

The assailant, a man of seventy-three, leaped over from his bed and struck Winks on the head with a bed-bolt, inflicting such injuries that Winks died almost immediately.

END OF OUR THEATRE WEEK.

Impossible to Prolong Our Experiment as Many Wish.

A DAY OF TRIUMPHS.

Three crowded houses—packed to the doors and money turned away—brought the *Daily Mirror* week at the Lyceum Theatre to a triumphant close on Saturday.

Mr. George Alexander's recitations—Tennyson's "Victim" and "A Lock of Hair"—were listened to with rapt attention. Mr. James Welch's topical song was a tremendous success. Miss Camille Clifford "walked" with more fascination than ever.

As for Mr. Seymour Hicks, with his chorus of Gibson girls—the Misses Gates, Clark, Kay, Mills, Harris, Carlisle, Cecil, and Carrington—it seemed as if the matinee and first evening house audiences would never let them go. Mrs. Hicks (Miss Ellaline Terriss) watched the performance from a box with a happy smile and tears glistening in her beautiful eyes.

In short, the whole day from three o'clock, when Mr. Louis de Reeder started the orchestra upon his spirited *Daily Mirror* March, till well after eleven, was one long succession of triumphs.

Numbers of people disappointed of finding places have appealed to us to extend our week to a fortnight. That is quite out of the question. We took up Mr. Barrowford's challenge because we believed we could give variety theatres some valuable hints as to the requirements of the public. Having done this, we gracefully withdrew.

The results of our enterprise we shall point out and sum up fully as soon as the accounts of the week have been made up and audited. We need only say at once that, in spite of the prevailing theatrical depression, we have no reason to be dissatisfied.

To all who have contributed to make the *Daily Mirror* week so complete a success we tender grateful thanks. The kindness and the close attention to instructions with which we met during our period of management made our task a very pleasant, if not an easy, one. Everybody seemed determined to do all they could to make the experiment yield the best results.

It only remains now to strike our balance-sheet and discover our financial position. At the earliest possible moment we shall take our readers into our confidence and give them the final upshot of our interesting cheap-price test.

SIEGE OF A VICARAGE.

Armed Solicitor Sent to Prison for Threatening the Archdeacon of Taunton.

For months the vicarage of the Archdeacon of Taunton has been besieged by H. J. Clement Reed, a local solicitor.

At the police court on Saturday the Archdeacon said that, armed with a loaded revolver, Reed had had the residents of the vicarage at his mercy.

Servants had not dared to venture out, and visitors had been afraid to call.

After threatening the Archdeacon and breaking a window and a lamp at the vicarage, Reed was arrested by a constable, who had been in hiding.

For the damage Reed was sent to prison for two months, and for the threats was ordered to enter into his own recognisances in the sum of £500, and to find two sureties of £250 each to keep the peace for twelve months—in default six months' imprisonment.

SHOOTING AFFRAY.

Farmer Shot While Trying To Capture an Armed Poacher.

Yesterday, shortly after eight a.m., Charles Chase, a farmer, of Eastwood, near Southend, discovered a man in one of his fields whom he suspected of poaching.

He approached him, and when within a few yards the man pointed his gun at Chase and fired a shot, which entered Chase's right jaw.

Chase's son was attracted to the spot by the firing, and the man then pointed the gun at him. He afterwards bolted, but was captured by the police.

COLLIE DOG AS MOURNER.

Mrs. Kingham, the victim of the Edgware-road murder last week, left singular instructions in her will as to her animal pets.

Her favourite dog, a large collie, "Ponto," which witnessed the crime, is to be a mourner at the funeral at Tring. It will then be destroyed, together with two of her pet cats.

KING AND MILKMAIDS.

Their Artless Joy Over a Letter from His Majesty.

The milkmaids of the Mall are no longer sorrowful. The magic salve which has banished their sad expressions is a letter from King Edward.

With beaming faces they exhibited to privileged visitors on Saturday the treasured document which had arrived that morning. It had had an adventure, too, before it reached them, for the envelope was endorsed "demolished."

This referred to the fact that it was addressed to Miss Burry at her stall, and explained why it had not reached her on Friday, the day on which the two old ladies were informed by Sir Schomburg McDonnell, the Secretary of the Office of Works, that his Majesty had intervened in their case.

The following is the text of the King's letter:—

"Buckingham Palace, February 10, 1905.
Madam,—I am commended by the King to acknowledge receipt of your letter, and to inform you in reply that he desired me yesterday to communicate with his Majesty's Office of Works in regard to your case.—I am, your obedient servant, KNOLLYS."

"I shall have it nicely framed, and it shall be handed down in our family," Miss Burry declared, her face flushed with pride. "Our stalls lasted nearly three hundred years, and the King's letter will, I hope, last longer than that."

Her sister, Mrs. Kitchen, was a little sad that she had not received a letter also, but became cheerful at the suggestion that it was intended for both, but sent to Miss Burry because she was the elder.

STUDENT'S TRAGEDY.

Love Affair Supposed To Be the Secret of a Mysterious Death.

Mystery and a suggestion of a love tragedy surrounded the death of a young medical student which was investigated by the coroner, Mr. Drew, on Saturday.

Hugh Fountain Mortimer, aged twenty-four years, a student at the London Hospital, was found dead in bed from an overdose of chloroform at his home in Ashchurch-grove, Ravenscourt Park.

His mother said that he had been worried over the death of his father and over his examinations, and the jury were about to consider their verdict when Mrs. F. K. Mortimer, sister-in-law of the deceased, said she wished to give evidence.

She expressed her opinion that Mortimer had committed suicide owing to being persecuted by his mother respecting a girl he was courting. He had been to her in great distress.

A brother, re-called, then admitted that there was a girl in the case. The girl sold programmes at Crouch End, and his brother had been out with her for ten years.

A fellow student stated that Mortimer neglected his studies to visit the girl.

A verdict of Death from Misadventure, however, was eventually returned.

DUEL OF THE DANCERS.

Great Non-Stop Encounter of Professors To Beat a French Record.

Conditions for the much-talked-of dancing duel between Professor Arthur Richards, of Liverpool, and Mr. Helps, an assistant of Mr. W. F. Hurdall, the well-known London dancing-master, are to be arranged within the next few days.

Mr. Rickards says his challenge is to dance from a selection of twenty-five dances, including the waltz, polka, mazurka, and valse, and to introduce American, French, German, and Russian dances. If necessary, each competitor could have relays of lady partners.

Mr. Hurdall, who says he would have accepted the challenge himself had it been ten years ago, proposes that the waltz or the minuet should be chosen for the non-stop dance, and is prepared to deposit £100 on signing a mutually-satisfactory agreement with Mr. Rickards.

F. F. BELSEY, Esq., J.P.,

Chairman of the Sunday School Union Council, writes:—

"From boyhood I have found the Poor Man's Friend a most excellent and valuable Ointment. It has often afforded me relief. I always keep it by me and recommend it."

DR. ROBERTS' POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

The Oldest and Best Ointment for all Wounds and Skin Affections, especially Ulcers, Sores, Burns, Eczema, Sore Eyes, Chilblains (broken or not), etc.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 1/- and 2/-, or post free for stamps from Sole Makers—BEACH and HARRIS, Ltd., Bridport. Ask for Pamphlet. Mention this paper.

CITY DEATH-TRAPS.

Thousands of Workers Menaced by
Danger from Fire.

LEGISLATION WANTED.

"It is unquestionably a fact that there are numerous buildings in the City and elsewhere which are nothing less than death-traps in case of fire."

This statement is made by the Building Act Committee of the London County Council in a report upon a recent outbreak of fire at the City Mills Building, 1, Upper Thames-street.

As a result of the coroner's inquest on this fire the jury recorded the opinion that ample and adequate means of exit should immediately be provided, as it is a most dangerous place in case of fire.

The report of the committee shows that as long ago as December 13, 1900, the owner of the premises was served with a notice requiring him to build a brick-enclosed incombustible staircase.

This notice was the subject of arbitration and litigation extending over more than two years, the final judgment being that the Council was not justified in serving the notice. This decision was based on the fact that the various floors of the building were used as factories by different persons.

The decision was a far-reaching one. It prevents the Council from dealing with any buildings except those wholly in one occupation and those which are termed "tenement" factories, in which the various occupiers derive their mechanical power from a common source.

This decision, and the difficulty caused by questions of trespass, places a large number of factories beyond the power of regulation by the L.C.C.

The report estimates that considerably over a million persons are engaged in indoor occupations in London, and that an alarmingly large proportion work in buildings over which the Council has no authority.

This assertion is supported by the evidence given by the district surveyor of North London at the inquest on the fatal Queen Victoria-street fire of 1902.

This gentleman stated that there were many buildings in his district that were veritable death-traps, and some alterations in the Building Act ought to be made, with stringent regulations.

The moral of the report is that support should be accorded to the London Building Acts Amendment Bill, 1905, which contains clauses that would deal with the more pressing dangers indicated.

The committee therefore recommends that, in view of the opposition being raised in some quarters, copies of its report should be sent to all persons interested in the Bill.

MEDICINE FROM CATS.

How They Are Used in the Production
of Serums.

"Cats and other animals are used for medicinal purposes at the Wellcome Physiological Laboratory, in Brockwell Park, Herne Hill," explained the manager of Messrs. Burroughes and Wellcome, the well-known druggists, on Saturday to the *Daily Mirror*.

Quite an atmosphere of mystery was shed round this establishment in a recent cat-theft case.

"The animals," said the manager, "are employed in the production of diphtheria, anti-toxic, and other therapeutic serums.

"The laboratory, which is only one of many of its kind in the country, is registered at the Home Office, and periodically inspected by officials. It is not used as a medical school.

"Many thousands of phials of diphtheria serum are made there and sent all over the world.

"In the working of the laboratory there is no cruelty. Anesthetics are used, and the Home Office regulations are carefully observed."

HONOURING SHAKESPEARE.

Our National Poet to Have a Costly
Memorial in London.

The committee of prominent people who have been discussing plans for a Shakespeare memorial issue a circular to-day asking for help.

Their idea is to erect in London, on a site provided by the County Council, a Shakespeare house or institute, with a Shakespeare library, a lecture-theatre, and a central hall to receive a fitting statue of Shakespeare, statues of other famous men being added from time to time.

For this they want much money. One way of raising it is to be a "Shakespeare Commemoration" during the week in which the poet's birthday falls. Workers and funds are both wanted.

The latter can be paid in to Roberts, Lubbock, and Co.'s Bank, 15, Lombard-street. The former should send their names to 32, George-street, Hanover-square, where the memorial committee has an office.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Sir Henry Irving will unveil a tablet to Quin, the actor, at Bath on Friday.

The North British Locomotive Combine have just booked an order for fifty large engines for Japan.

Two thousand tons of American rails have just reached the Great Northern Railway Company at Boston, Lines.

The King witnessed the performance of "Lady Macbeth" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Saturday evening.

Mr. Michael Davitt is to be honoured by having a new variety of potato called after him. This, it is hoped, will prove Ireland's staple potato stock for the future.

For being found in the Earl of Buchanan's larder, in Park-lane, John Nye was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment at Marlborough-street on Saturday.

From London the "Pentecostal Dancers" have transferred their operations to Merthyr, where they are conducting their "red-hot revival" with characteristic vigour in the Temperance Hall.

The secretary to the State Children's Association says it is not the case that the Lambeth Guardians have found "scattered homes" for pauper children unsatisfactory. They have never tried them. All the forty-six boards of guardians which have found them a success.

The Chancery action of the Chinese mandarin, Chang Yen-Mao v. Moreing was concluded on Saturday, judgment being reserved.

After Wednesday, when the military reorganisation scheme comes into force, the Western Military District will cease to exist.

An unusual case of promotion from the ranks has just been gazetted, Corporal F. M. James, Royal West Kent Regiment, being appointed second-lieutenant.

Sheds for tramps ought to be fitted up at all the police stations, and then there would be very few casuals in the country, says Mr. C. W. Wood, a well-known Sussex guardian.

The deaths of four generals, one lieutenant-general, two major-generals, seven colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, two majors, six captains, and four lieutenants were reported to the War Office last month.

In some South Lancashire pits miners have to tramp two miles along the underground passages to reach their work. Powers to sink more mines are being sought, although the district is already dangerously honeycombed.

A medical bill incurred by an eloping wife must be discharged by the husband. Judge Wilmut so ruled in the case of a London lady who ran up a doctor's debt of £27 in the house of a Yarmouth friend with whom she ran away to New Brunswick.

LADY LANSDOWNE.



Wife of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who will hold the customary Ministerial reception at the Foreign Office to-night on the occasion of the re-assembling of Parliament.

Foreign apricots are fetching 1s. 6d. each, and plums 8d. each, in Smithfield Market, Manchester.

In the report on the collision at Enfield Station on December 22, the fireman states that in the fog he mistook a light in a waiting-room for one in the signal-box.

The shareholders in the Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Company will be asked at their next meeting to authorise the amalgamation of the company with Henri Nestlé. The capital would be £2,000,000.

"Why don't you get your jurymen from Madame Tussaud's? The wax figures there would have done just as well!" shouted a man from the back of the East London Courthouse's Court on Saturday.

Widows over sixty who suffer through the failure of the Nelson Tea pension scheme are to be provided as far as possible with work by the Church Army for a few weeks, until other aid is forthcoming.

At an all-night sitting the Cork Council was attacked by a remarkable epidemic of sneezing. It greatly mystified the members until it was discovered that someone had scattered a large quantity of burning red pepper.

All certificated and uncertificated assistant teachers employed by the Aberdeen Education Committee have decided to tender their notices because they have been deprived of the right of inflicting corporal punishment.

There were 2,475 visitors to Carlyle's house at Chelsea in 1904. This brings the total number of visitors, since the house was opened to the public, to 23,500.

Wireless telegraphy is to be installed on the mail and passenger steamers belonging to the Northern of France Railway Company plying between Calais and Dover.

Described by the police as a "professional bailer," Barnett Rotto, a provision dealer, was ordered at Worship-street on Saturday to pay £50, the recognisance which he entered into on behalf of a man charged with theft who had absconded.

Playing in a loft at Surbiton, William Rundell, aged nineteen, tied a rope round another lad's legs and jokingly threatened to lower him through the trapdoor head foremost. He himself fell backwards through the door, however, and was killed.

Mr. Williams Benn, Chairman of the London County Council, played in private theatricals at his Blackheath residence on Saturday afternoon. The play was "The Last of the Trojans," and the part of the old Anchises was taken by Mr. Benn himself.

At Christie's on Saturday Mr. T. S. Cooper's picture, "Summer Showers," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1880, was sold for 250 guineas, and F. Fild's "The Bathing," representing a young woman standing at the edge of a brook, realised 155 guineas.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal
Photographs in To-day's
"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

PATHETIC TRAGEDY.

There is surely a large element of pathos in the tragedy of the life and death of Nelly Gwendolen Kingham, whose portrait is reproduced on page 9.

Married when she was scarcely more than fourteen years old, as is said much against her will, she seems to have lived in constant terror of the jealousy of her husband.

She was a beautiful girl, and perhaps was not unwilling to hear the compliments that her good looks called forth from some of her acquaintances, but nothing more seems to have been seriously alleged against her, and, after all, she was little more than a child. If she was a little inclined to flirt and a trifle indiscreet in her choice of acquaintances, she has paid a fearful price for what looks like merely the small weaknesses natural to her extreme youth.

There was something horribly dramatic in the manner in which her death was compassed. Her husband cut her throat with a razor under pretence of embracing her in the presence of several friends as well as the unhappy girl's mother.

A WELSH MIRACLE.

Seldom has a more curious story been reported than that of the miraculous lights which are said to accompany Mrs. Mary Jones, whose portrait is on page 1, upon her revivalistic journeys through the neighbourhood in which she lives.

Mrs. Jones is a typical woman of the fairly well-to-do peasant class, of no particular education, and certainly without any great measure of imagination. She has lived in the district where she now resides, midway between Barnmouth and Harlech, in North Wales, for thirty-eight years without attracting any attention until just lately.

It was quite recently that she first saw a mysterious star in the air before her, pointing out the way. It was not like any ordinary star, being infinitely more powerful and looking like a brilliant white light hung in the air only a short distance away. She followed the path it indicated and won converts by the revival message she was taking round the neighbourhood.

Since then the star has been the constant companion of her journeys, though at times it rather takes the form of a soft radiance upon the path than a bright sort of light.

This extraordinary story by no means rests upon Mrs. Jones's word alone, for a large number of other people have seen the phenomenon, and many clergymen, professional men, and others, whose position makes them credible witnesses, testify from personal experience of its reality.

MADDENED BY MONOTONY.

Year on a Deserted Island Reduces Europeans
to Savagery.

For thirteen months three Italians dwell on Clipperton Island, a lonely reef off the Mexican coast, without seeing so much as the smoke of a passing steamer.

At the end of that time they were taken off by the schooner Josephine, looking and behaving more like cave-dwellers than civilised beings.

Their hair had grown long and matted, their clothing consisted of but one inadequate garment apiece, and they danced a crazy measure of welcome when the schooner's boat put in to the island. They had originally been sent to the place as caretakers by the Pacific Island Company, of London, which has the guano concessions attached to the island.

They lived on stores they had taken with them, varied by wild duck and shell-fish, of which plenty were to be obtained on their island prison.

The schooner took out to Clipperton Island two men to relieve them, whose lot during the next year is surely an unenviable one.

KILLED BY INDIANS.

London Man Falls a Victim to a Massacre
While Gold Prospecting.

A party of American mining prospectors in Mexico has been massacred by a band of Yaqui Indians. Among the five men murdered was Mr. John Kenneth Mackenzie, formerly of London. The party were prospecting for gold near the town of Torres, in Mexico, when they were suddenly attacked and overpowered by the Indians.

Mr. Mackenzie was born in London forty-two years ago. He made a fortune in the Hawaiian Islands, and subsequently settled down in Chicago, where he soon became recognised as one of the foremost mining engineers in the United States.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at 25, WHITEHARTS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2100 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Redford," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Taibout.

"O.K." SAUCE MONDAY!
"O.K." SAUCE COLD MEAT DAY!!
"O.K." SAUCE But all good housewives
"O.K." SAUCE know that the cold joint
"O.K." SAUCE is made attractive with
"O.K." SAUCE Mason's "O.K." Sauce.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1905.

THE TALKERS.

IF anything could damp down the sympathy which has been aroused this winter for those unfortunate victims of modern social conditions—the genuine unemployed—it would be such speeches as were delivered in Trafalgar-square on Saturday afternoon.

They were not the speeches of desperate men. If they had been that, they would be entitled to respect and pity. They were the speeches of men deliberately working themselves up, trying hard to lash themselves into a fury, setting themselves to incite others to do what they are afraid to do in their own persons.

If Mr. J. E. Williams and Mr. Salmon, of Poplar, and Mr. Ince, of Bermondsey, and the rest think it would do good to the unemployed for a deputation to attend at the House of Commons, let them go there and "deputate" to their hearts' content. It might possibly have some effect. At any rate, they would be doing something, not merely spouting.

There are numbers of men working hard at this terrible problem—men like Mr. Percy Alden and Canon Barnett, who put their names to a useful letter in Saturday's "Times," pointing out that an extreme of luxury at one end of the social ladder must mean an extreme of poverty at the other. Such men are paving the way towards a better state of things.

But no good can ever come of vague, insincere bombast about "revolt" and "revolution." Talk like this is enough to make the Trafalgar-square lions bristle with contempt. Can no one teach these "Socialists" that Socialism is a system, a view of life, and not mere foaming at the mouth?

ANOTHER "ALIENS' FRIEND."

The laws against street-noises depend for their proper enforcement almost entirely upon the magistrates who have to administer them.

They can, if they like, put down noisy nuisances with a firm fist. On the other hand, if they treat lightly the pests who make life in great cities so hideous with their din, there will be very little improvement.

Mr. Plowden, the Marylebone magistrate, is one of the latter kind. He is so bent upon amusing himself—it cannot be said that his attempts at humour amuse anyone else—that he seizes upon any such case as that which came before him on Saturday as a chance for making irrelevant remarks. The serious side of it escapes him altogether.

A householder in a street off Portman-square summoned an alien organ-grinder for persistently playing at ten o'clock at night. Funny Mr. Plowden pretended he could not believe people could want to sleep at that hour, or that a twenty minutes' piano-organ performance would prevent them if they did.

There was no question about the Italian grinder having broken the law. He had refused to go away after being given a reason why he should do so. Yet Mr. Plowden discharged him, and seemed to think he had been very hardly treated.

We should like a few organs to go and play outside Mr. Plowden's house at ten o'clock at night. Possibly after a course of their performances, repeated a few dozen times, he might take a different view.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If we fail to live nobly in our present circumstances, we need not imagine we should be any better on a grander scale.—*The Rev. Alfred E. Myers.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

T O-NIGHT Lady Campbell-Bannerman inaugurates the political season in London by giving a reception at her splendid house in Grosvenor-place. Lady "C.-B.," as her friends call her, is an excellent hostess, but has never entertained very much owing to her delicate health. She gets more tired when engaged in the strenuous occupation of shaking hands with and saying agreeable things to innumerable guests than by any amount of walking in the country near Belmont, the Perthshire seat where "C.-B." spends his leisure moments in reading French novels. Lady "C.-B." is a daughter of the late General Sir Charles Bruce. She has no children of her own.

Lord Rothschild, who has been Mr. Balfour's week-end host at his beautiful country house, Tring,

speculate skillfully in English funds. In a few days, when the news of victory came, it was discovered that Nathan Rothschild had made £21,000,000.

Everyone will feel the sincerest sympathy for our late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. C. T. Ritchie, in the great sorrow which has come to him in the loss of his wife. Mr. Ritchie has always cared more for his family and his pleasant home in Buckinghamshire than for any amount of the society to which men of his position are entitled. He will therefore feel his loss far more than those who get their distractions in the world, away from their homes, in noisier public life.

Mr. Ritchie has always struck me as a statesman who has made his way rather by a hard and genuine business faculty than by eloquence as a speaker or the more showy qualities which bring politicians constantly into notice. He was the

This season society will have to do without one of its most distinguished hostesses. Lady Savile, who has been ordered by her doctors to take a long rest, always gives some of the most successful entertainments of the year. She is a hostess who has, wonderful to say, ideas for the amusement of her guests. They do not crowd into her house, tread upon each other's toes for a hour or so, and then crowd out more or less in pieces, but are amused with a cotillon, an elaborate concert, something new and unexpected. Lady Savile wears magnificent jewels and as she stands to receive her guests you can see she was born to be an absolutely ideal hostess.

Her week-end parties at Rufford Abbey, Lord Savile's splendid seat, are always perfectly managed. She has often entertained the King, who generally visits the Doncaster races from her house. The Abbey is a delightfully old and ghostly place, which once belonged to some Cistercian monks. One of these long-since buried worthies actually haunts the place. He is said to be seen at night walking up and down a corridor with a death's head under his cowl. He has walked up and down there for years, and the parish register tells you that a man once died with fright from seeing him. Lord Savile declares, however, that he himself has never seen the ghost.

Little Master Max Dareski, the boy composer and pianist, who appeared with immense success at his friend Mr. Dan Godfrey's benefit at Bourne-mouth on Saturday, is not one of the musical prodigies who look as though they ought to be made to run about in the open air for the rest of their lives. He is a perfectly self-possessed child, and is not far from being a genius in his father, who indeed sometimes prevents him from trying to work too hard. Still, he was at one time very delicate, and his father attributes his present strength to the fact that he was fed on a strictly non-vegetarian diet for several years.

Max Dareski is delightful to watch as a conductor. Not much bigger than his own father, he looks round at the musicians with a magnificent air of authority and pride. He has often conducted Mr. Dan Godfrey's band. Once or twice he has even reproved them for falling short of musical perfection. On one occasion he stopped them with a commanding gesture and said: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, play that passage like this," and he hummed the passage over while they listened.

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P.

ON Saturday he was re-elected leader of the Irish Party in the House of Commons, and the probabilities are that in the near future he will have the political game in his hands.

If the general election leaves the Liberals dependent for a majority upon the Irish Party (as the *Daily Mirror* earlier issues indicated it will), Mr. Redmond will have both parties bidding for his support. And if Ireland, as the result of this situation, should succeed in getting Home Rule, we have Mr. Balfour's opinion on record that the qualities of this famous politician, not yet fifty, will make him a "distinguished ornament" of an Irish Parliament.

In truth, he is the finest orator in the House of Commons. As soon as it is known that "John Redmond is up," the chamber fills. His eloquence moreover is backed by solid gifts. He is no wind-bag. His speeches are not mere froth.

Very little is known about the man, apart from the public man. His features, which at one moment recall those of Napoleon and at another remind one of Cecil Rhodes, are familiar enough, but the character that lies behind that jutting chin, those steady, cautious eyes, and the strong, aquiline, commanding nose is a good deal of a mystery even to those who seem to know him well.

Possibly he makes himself something of a mystery. He knows how effective Parnell found this as a means of controlling his turbulent followers. Mr. Redmond rules them with quite as much success as Parnell ever did.

He is a harder worker than Parnell, with many interests scattered through his busy life—one of which by the way, is temperance reform, and another the poetic drama. To hear him quote Shakespeare sends a thrill down the backbone.

Mr. Redmond lives very quietly in a flat at Clapham, where Mrs. Redmond, his second wife, is generally to be found. But his children stay mostly at his Dublin house, and it is there that the Irish leader passes his happiest hours.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 12.—Most seed-growing can be left until next month. Cornflowers, however, should now be sown. The pink and white varieties are very pretty, though most of us, perhaps, prefer the old blue.

Borders infested with slugs and other pests should now be dressed with lime. This, if applied on some mild, damp evening, will rid the soil of many undesirable. Lime also sweetens sour soil.

Garden-weeds are quite a study in themselves. They will soon be asserting their much-abused right to existence. Frequent hoeing will be necessary, but hand-picking is a surer remedy.

It is a good time to weed lawns. E. F. T.



There is a Winkle in the ranks of Liberalism, and the political Pickwick Club are bent on taking away his gun.—"St. James's Gazette."

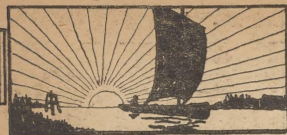
[The manifesto issued by Lord Spencer, as the future Liberal Prime Minister, has been declared by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the chief Liberal Whip, to be merely a personal expression of political opinions, and not a "manifesto" at all.]

in Hertfordshire, is the wealthiest member of the wealthiest and most famous banking family in the world. He is, in fact, far more powerful than many modern kings, and the most amazing stories are told of the fabulous sums he spends, secretly and openly, in creating nations, influencing Governments, and founding institutions. He certainly is not able to calculate exactly how much his agents and almoners disburse each year, and for what purposes. It is even said, though the story is no doubt to be taken with the proverbial grain of salt, that one of his secretaries once caused him to present a large sum to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews!

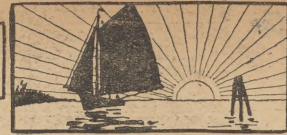
How did the Rothschild family come the kings of the financial and, therefore, of the social and political worlds? The basis of their fortune was laid at the time of the battle of Waterloo. Nathan Rothschild stood on an eminence near the battle-field and watched the struggle. When he saw how things would go he rode at full gallop to the nearest seaport, paid some boatman to take him across in a little sailing-vessel, and used his knowledge to

exact opposite in this respect of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, whose friend he was, and whom he tried to get back into the Cabinet after his foolish resignation. Lord Randolph, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, once said to a friend: "I can get on all right with the figures, but I never can understand what all these dots mean." Mr. Ritchie, as Chancellor, knew all about the figures and the decimal system, too.

Miss Loie Fuller, who is to amuse London once more at the Coliseum to-night, is perhaps better known in Paris than in any other city in the world. There she always attracts enormous houses, and "commands" as much as £50 a night. Sometimes when she has appeared here her effects, I have often thought, have been marred by bad stage management. When I saw her at the Coronet a year or so ago she spent much of her breath, all of which she requires for the enormous exertion of her dancing, in loudly appealing to the limelight men to behave with sense. When one sees a fairy, a vision of colour and dreamy movement, one does not like the charm to be destroyed by hearing the vision exclaim: "Change quicker, more light," and so on.



"MIRROR" CAMERAGRAPHS



ACTRESS FLOGGED.



Mlle. Kschenskaya, the popular Russian variety actress, who has been flogged by the police for singing a "topical" verse, uncomplimentary to the authorities.

NOVEL STAND AT OLYMPIA.



Photograph of the most original stand at the great motor exhibition at Olympia. It is made to look like a racecourse enclosure, and is fitted with winning-post and judge's box. There is also a notice board, but instead of a list of winners it bears the inscription, "Let the judges decide."

THE PRINCE OF WALES AMONG THE

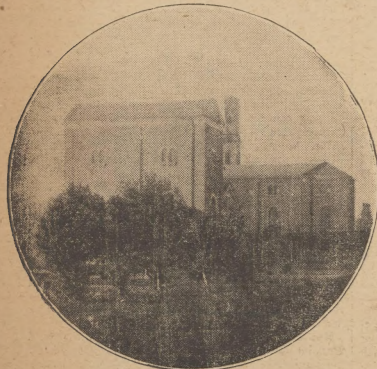


The Prince of Wales, who has been an enthusiastic motorist since 1900, was among the first to open the exhibition just opened at Olympia. His Royal Highness, who is indicated in the photograph by an arrow, was seen among the motor-boats, remarking that as a sailor he could appreciate the

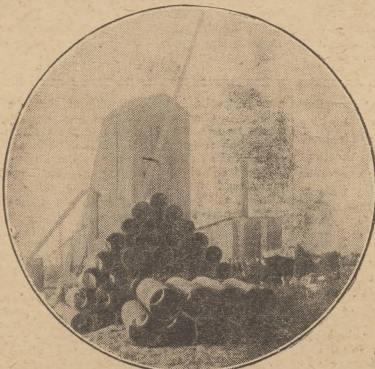
LINCOLN'S PLAGUE OF TYPHOID.



Business is at a standstill at Lincoln. The country people shun the infected city, and the inhabitants find their chief interest in the perusal of the ominous lists of fresh cases posted from time to time at the Town Hall, as shown in this photograph, which was taken on Saturday.—(Copyright *Daily Mirror*.)



The waterworks at Lincoln, from which the typhoid-tainted water is supposed to have come. Meanwhile the people are obtaining their supply from wells and springs.—(Copyright *Daily Mirror*.)



Boring for a new well. It must be months before this work can be completed, as a depth of 2,200ft. has to be reached. (Copyright *Daily Mirror*.)

THE UNEMPLOYED IN TRAFALGAR



Trafalgar-square, the scene of so many demonstrations, was utilised on Saturday to appoint a deputation to attend the House of Commons on the reassembling of the House. The deputation was duly appointed, and will be at Westminster to-day.—(Copyright *Daily Mirror*.)

THROUGH MIRROR LENSES

MOTORS AT OLYMPIA.



The earliest visitors to the great motor exhibition, by a cross, was particularly interested in its value in naval warfare.

SQUARE.



A crowd of unemployed, who had assembled to demand a "Government of the people," to call upon the Government to provide work, though it is doubtful if it will be ad-
vancing.

GIRL-WIFE KILLED.



Nelly Gwendolen Kingham, the seventeen-year-old wife, who was murdered by her husband in a fit of jealousy, in the presence of her mother and several friends.

FLYING TO FRANCE.



M. Jacques Fauré appears on the left of this photograph in the car of the flying-machine by which he has started on a journey from London to Paris.—(Russell.)

WOOLWICH ARSENAL v. BLACKBURN ROVERS.



After a somewhat poor game at Plumstead, the Arsenal beat Blackburn Rovers by 2 goals to nil. Briercliffe scored the first and Fitchie the second goal for the home team.

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE.



The representative elevens of the rival 'Varsities met for the thirty-second time at Queen's Club on Saturday, and, true to tradition, the non-favourites, Oxford, won by 2 goals to 1. Above is seen an Oxford forward keeping the ball in play.

MANCHESTER v. BLACKHEATH.



Manchester gets away with the ball at the Rectory Field, Blackheath, where they were the ultimate winners. The final scores were: Manchester, 4 tries (12 points); Blackheath, 1 penalty goal (3 points).

STRUGGLE FOR A PRINCESS.

Further Trouble for the Unhappy
Louise of Saxony.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

Infant Daughter Reclaimed by Her Royal
Father, Who Will Take No Refusal.

A King struggling with his divorced wife for the possession of a baby girl—a royal mother tenderly, indignantly, clinging to the only child left to her out of a bonny family of six.

These are the main facts of the "Saxony Scandal" with which the courts of Europe are ringing to-day, and the echoes of which are likely to keep the gossips busy for many a year, until death ends the sorrows of Louise Antoinette Marie, divorced wife of King Frederick Augustus of Saxony.

This new tragedy is but the continuation of one older. Two years ago Louise Antoinette, for reasons never fully explained, fled from her husband, then Crown Prince of Saxony, with the tutor Giron.

Her punishment for this was a decree of divorce, granted February 11, 1903, and a settlement which involved her banishment from the kingdom and the abandonment of her five beautiful children.

Her Saxon people said that "our Louise" was mad. They pleaded that the cares of maternity and the prospect of the birth of another child had temporarily obscured her reason. Acting under this generous belief thousands of mothers signed a petition begging for a reconciliation between the royal pair.

MOTHER AND CHILD PARTED.

But the old King of Saxony was obdurate. The only concession granted to his son's divorced wife was permission to retain her infant, born three months after her flight until the child was five years old. Then the baby was to return to its father, while the sorrowing mother remained in exile.

Over this infant, the little Princess Anna Monica, the battle now rages, for King Frederick has an envoy, Dr. Koerner, his legal representative, to demand its surrender, though the child is not yet three years old.

Why this new persecution of an unhappy woman? Giron, the crafty tutor, is no longer with her. He was dismissed, it is said, as soon as the child was born, and the ex-Crown Princess came to her right senses again.

But for that fatal flight with Giron her life, so her friends assert, has been blameless. As the Countess Montignoso she has lived quietly in a secluded house near Fiesole, in Tuscany. Half-way up an olive-crowned hill nestles the picturesque-situated Villa Papignano. Enclosed by a high wall cased by battlements, the house presents the appearance of a fortress. Within it the mother has been happy in the care of her little Princess. Why then disturb her?

Rumour—always malicious—answers with a tale of fresh scandal. The name of Count Carlo Guic-

ciardini has been coupled with that of the Countess Montignoso so openly that both have denied indignantly that their relations have been anything more than those of delicate friendship and sympathy.

Another story has it that the dismissed nurse of the little Anna Monica has been tale-bearing. Yet another rumour credits letters written by the former Crown Princess to Princess Alice of Schlesburg-Waldenburg, who is also divorced, with being the origin of the trouble.

Whatever the cause, there can be no doubt that the King of Saxony is making a desperate effort to capture the little Anna Monica. On her side, the mother has invoked the legal aid of Signor Munich, an Italian Senator, to resist a claim for extradition which Dr. Koerner, the King's lawyer, has been instructed to prepare.

Tragedy may succeed tragedy in this heart-rending business. The divorced Princess will go to any lengths to preserve her child. So great was her desire to see the five older children last Christmas that she made a sudden descent upon Dresden in the absence of the King and prayed the Court officials to be allowed to embrace them, thus risking her safety and her allowance from the Crown. Meanwhile, the tiny cause of all this royal grief and scandal is suffering, her mother declares, from an attack of chicken-pox. Poor little Anna Monica!

Much sympathy is felt with the unhappy mother in Germany. Below is a cartoon from the Berlin "Dorfbärber," which represents the King of Saxony and his courtiers as Pharisees going up to the Temple, thanking God they are not as she is.



German sympathy with the unhappy Princess Louise. (See above.)

PLAYS SEVEN PARTS.

Actor's Wonderful Feat of Quick-Change
and Character Study.

Mr. Henry de Vries, at the Royalty Theatre, is something quite new—something that ought to attract all London.

Mr. de Vries is a Dutch actor, who has learnt to speak English. He appears in a play called "A Case of Arson," by a prominent Dutch author, and he plays seven parts in it himself.

There has been a fire at a cigar factory. In it the cigar manufacturer's little girl has been burnt to death. The play shows us the managerialist going into the disaster, which, step by step, puts a rope round the manufacturer's neck, for, as he confesses in the end, he set the place on fire himself.

It is a fine dramatic little piece, and Mr. de Vries's acting is quite wonderful. Nor is he only a clever actor; he is also a most ingenious "quick-change artist." He disappears one moment a tall, fine, dignified man; the next moment he shuffles in a hang-dog, under-sized creature with a different face, a different voice, a different figure—everything different about him.

Before "A Case of Arson," which comes on about ten o'clock, is played a commonplace but amusing piece called "The Diplomats"—an adaptation from the French by Mr. Sydney Grundy.

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A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

prettiest villages and one of the most picturesque market towns in the whole of the south of England; but Vanna did not care about English scenery, and she hated the winter anywhere.

The house belonged to Lady Betty Somerville. In fact, it was situated at the edge of the magnificent park that surrounded the Reddy Hall, a mansion built in the Italian style that the late Mr. Somerville had bought and left unconditionally to his wife in his will. Judging by photographs which Lady Betty had sent Mrs. Tempest, Little Brady, as the house was called, had large and beautiful grounds of its own.

Vanna had written to Lady Betty, who was on the Riviera, a few weeks ago from Sorrento, and asked her advice as to what part of the country she should settle in for a few months, and how she should set about looking for the sort of house that she required. Her requirements were very definite. It must be small, and it must be cheap, and it must not be within a hundred miles of Bodlington.

Lady Betty wrote back by return of post. She offered Vanna the loan of Little Brady; she said it would be a charity to occupy it for a few months, and it answered all Vanna's requirements.

Vanna accepted it, because she knew that Lady Betty wanted her to, and because the loan of the house made such a difference to her very strained means.

Not that she was returning to England utterly destitute, as she had thoroughly expected to do after she had refused to take any more money from Anthony Heron and when she had exhausted the few hundreds that she had had in hand. Scarcely a fortnight after she left Paris one of those unexpected things occurred that sometimes convince

the most sceptical and the most desolate that Providence has not deserted their altogether.

A distant relation of her father's died, an old man she had hardly ever seen, and left her £5,000, safely and fairly well invested, and yielding an income of just over £200 a year.

It was by no means wealth. In fact, at first, after her years of affluence, she wondered forlornly how she was going to manage on it; but it meant the difference between having a roof over her head and her daughter's and being without any shelter, between having bread to put into their mouths and having none. In fact, it meant being able to live in independence, instead of, Heaven alone knew what, for there was nothing she could turn her hand to, nor had she ever had Joan taught a single useful thing.

And so, frivolous, extravagant, luxury-loving Vanna Tempest, after her varied, colored-filled, many-sided life, had to come back to live in a small house in the country in England on £200 a week. For the last few months they had lived on a gradually diminishing scale. When they first went to Rome she had insisted on a good hotel, many drives, and minor expenses, and a stock of summer clothes for Joan. So the few hundreds had soon melted away. Then she had written to her agent in Paris, instructing him to sell all the furniture of the flat. She parted with every stick of it without a pang; it had no associations for her.

With the proceeds of the sale, while the affairs of her deceased relative were being settled, they moved south. The hottest part of the summer they spent on the island of Capri, and in September moved across to Sorrento, where Vanna always afterwards declared one could live in poverty more gracefully than anywhere on earth.

And that was the end of travelling, even in the cheapest, most uncomfortable way. Two first-class tickets to Dover—she kept enough for that—and now, as the steamer entered the harbour and was

made fast to the pier's side, a cross-country journey to look forward to, three miles' drive in the soaking, merciless rain; and then seclusion, boredom, a death in life, just as she had known it for so long at Rosemary Cottage—and nothing beyond.

She shivered as she crossed the slippery gangway. It was almost dark; everybody was jostling everybody else in the crowd. Wan, white-faced people, who looked ready to drop, were thanking their Maker that their feet were once more on the solid land. Sturdy, bearded, railway officials shouted that this train was for Victoria, and that for Charing Cross. Cups of steaming weak tea were being carried about, and stodgy-looking buns that made Vanna feel sick.

"Oh, mother," said Joan, trudging by her side, with Vanna's dressing-case in one hand and her own bag in the other, "isn't it lovely to hear them all speaking English?"

"Their voices are so awful," muttered Vanna. "So rough—and, oh, is there no end to this platform?"

"But, you know, mother, the porters don't all seem on you like so many brigands, like they do in Rome," said the girl cheerfully, trying to keep her mother's drooping spirits up. "And I do love the rain on my face, and the nice wet air—it's got the smell of home in it."

"They say it's good for the complexion," said Vanna absently.

She started violently as a boy yelled the names of the evening paper almost in her ear.

"Extra-splendid!" he shouted. "More about the coal combine. . . . Evening paper!"

They were caught in the crowd for a moment. The newsboy was facing them; he held a contents bill in front of him. Simultaneously the eyes of mother and daughter rested on it, and they both went white to the very lips.

(Continued on page 18)

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Read the above particulars carefully, as correspondence cannot be entered into regarding this scheme. All Advertisements sent in for Wednesday will be dealt with in the order received. Those crowded out will be returned if instructions to this effect are given when sent. Otherwise they will appear in the next day's issue.

This Advertisement must be cut out and pinned to your order or copy.

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IS THE INCOMPARABLE CURE FOR

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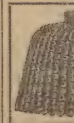
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FIVE GIRLS AND THEIR HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

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"Penniless!"

The word fell from Aunt Tryphena's lips with all the unexpected force of a thunderbolt. No hope whatever was left for us it appeared. We were fatherless and motherless—Enid, Janthe, Molly, Joan, and myself—and in addition to that poignant state, our exchequer was absolutely empty.

I have often thought that Aunt Tryphena must have been born under a malignant star. She is a loving, kindly soul, wrapped up in us and in our welfare, but she is always apparently utterly unable to restrain a passion for looking on the dark side of things; and so is a gloomy counsellor for girls: brimful of eagerness to take up their arms against fate and wrest from the fight some good

Part I.

LADY KENMARE.



The new Lady Kenmare was known as the Hon. Elizabeth Saring, daughter of the first Lord Revelstoke, until her marriage with Viscount Castlerosse in 1887.

fortune and a fair share of the happiness of existence.

We were seated, Aunt Tryphena, I, and the girls, in Mr. Bruce, our lawyer's office, when Aunt Tryphena uttered the dread ultimatum. The girls

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

"Coal Combine" was printed in big, black letters. "Further Startling Developments. Mr. Heon Hurries to Town."

That name was the first to greet them, the name they had not spoken for six months. It was no wonder they saw it, for just then it was on everybody's lips; but it seemed wonderful to them, wonderful, cruel, and full of black and bitter omen.

Neither of them looked at the other as they moved on. Each stared straight in front of her, the mother with set lips, the girl with haunted eyes.

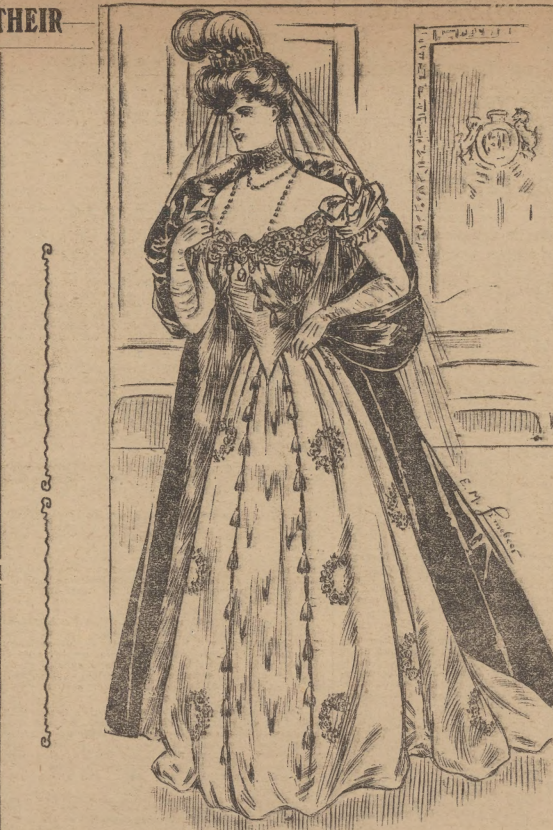
It was the one thing that was always between them, that made perfect confidence impossible.

Then began the most wearisome journey Vanna had ever known. At the town station they had to get out and wait, and then a slow train took them to a junction, and there they had to wait again. And all the time it rained, and it was pitchy dark, and they were cold and hungry and desperately tired.

When they were finally established in the train that was to take them on the last stage, Vanna leaned back in her corner, utterly exhausted. She unpinned her motor-cap, and put it on the seat, and wearily brushed back her heavy hair. The last few months had dealt very kindly with her. The hot climates suited her, and had added a warm tinge to the creamy whiteness of her skin. She looked very young, despite the lines of pain that had found a permanent home about the corners of her mouth. And to-day she had a pathetic look expression that made her look younger still. She did so hate the life that she was going to; it was the most terrible prospect in the world to her to begin it all over again. She had suffered so, and then, through bitterness unspeakable, she had fought her way out of it, and suffered still more; and now she was going back again.

She supposed she would settle down in time, and become what she had been before. All the turmoil of the last four years would ring in her ears with a distant sound; all the bitterness and torture, the wildness and the tragedy, would fade into a dream, unforgettable and abiding, but still a dream.

The world went on around her. It took no heed that her heart was broken, that her life was done.



A peeress's robe for to-morrow's royal function, the opening of Parliament. Full-dress costume is the rule, with a veil and plumes, but not the regulation Court train. The gown shown is an oyster-white satin one, with wreaths of chiffon roses upon it, and a panel in front, upon which jet that imitates ermine tails is stitched. The cloak is a black velvet one.

turned rather pale, but I, catching Mr. Bruce's eye, felt less alarmed than they evidently did. Then Mr. Bruce spoke. "Not exactly penniless, dear Miss

In Paris, she had had the compensations of money, of movement, of gaiety, into which she could dip her unquiet and rebellious soul. Now she had nothing.

The little drama of her life was played. The world had not stopped still. Richard Tempest was dead, and Anthony Heron was growing richer and more powerful every day; and she was going to bury herself in the country, among the things that never changed; and, in a very little while, she would be what she had been before, a woman growing old, trying to make both ends meet, giving way to violent temper, hating her fellow-creatures, finding time always hanging on her hands, and always sighing vainly for things she could never have.

A little while ago it had seemed to her that her woes were so great that the universe must stand still; now she knew that they were but as the smallest atom of sand in the desert wastes of Time. She was roused from these melancholy thoughts by the jarring sound of the train slowing up that heralded the approach of a station. Two or three feeble gas lamps flickered through the darkness as she sat up and leaned out of the window.

"King's Brady!" shouted a stentorian voice. Joan was already gathering up the bags and rugs. "I do believe, mother," she said, with cheerful tenderness, "that you've had a nice, refreshing sleep."

With difficulty Vanna repressed an angry, bitter retort. It was all coming back; England brought it back. It seemed that she had learned nothing all these years. Joan always said the wrong thing; she always lost her temper, said hateful things, which she regretted bitterly when it was too late. With a sigh of profound discouragement she stepped out of the carriage and instructed the porter about the luggage.

Only one other passenger alighted at the little station, a tall man.

Joan was walking a little way ahead of her mother, and the man came abreast of her by the waiting-room that led out of the station. Their eyes met, and suddenly Joan dropped both the bags she was carrying, and held out her hands. "Oh, it's Billy!" she cried joyously. Then she turned and called out—"Mother, come here! It's Billy! Isn't that splendid?"

(To be continued.)

FIGHT FOR FORTUNE.

(Gresham," he remarked. "The young ladies will have an income of ten pounds a year apiece—in bulk, £50 per annum. It is not a princely sum, but it provides far and away a better prospect for them than one minus resource of any kind. I fancy, in these days of enterprise, Miss Rhoda and her sisters will not permit their energies to rust, but will find means of augmenting this sum by their own exertions."

I am the Miss Rhoda above mentioned, and I levelled a speaking glance of gratitude at good Mr. Bruce, who, if a somewhat prosy old gentleman conversationally, is, I was overjoyed to find, of enlightened views. Mr. Bruce has travelled, and regards the modern outlook with modern eyes. So I was grateful to him for broaching a subject upon which I was determined to tackle Aunt Tryphena. All agog was I to go out into the world beyond dear, little, sleepy Mudford, where we lived with our aunt, in order that I might carve out a niche for myself and, perhaps, also for my sisters, in the busy world of workers.

(To be continued.)

LORD KENMARE.



The new Lord Kenmare was well-known as Viscount Castlerosse before he succeeded to the peerage. His principal residences are at Killarney House in co. Kerry, and he is one of the great Irish landfords, owning some 180,000 acres.

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between the Australian team for England at Auckland, was resumed on Saturday under perfect weather. The wicket was good and a large number—8,000. McLeod (84) and Bradman were the most considerable contributors to the close of the day's play Australia having taken nine wickets.—*Reuter's Special Service.*

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